

# Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

JULY, 1900.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### A FATHER DISTRUSTFUL.\*

"Pa," said Mart, after a silence, "may I say something?"

The farmer shifted his position.

"Why, yes; anythin' y'llike, daughter."

"I've been thinking so much about Charlie," she said. "I often wonder whether—pa, don't you think you'd be glad if he came back?"

To her relief, Mr. Bradbury did not shrink from the topic, nor did his tone grow harsh.

"Y' 've got a right t' ask 'bout those things, Mart," he said; "an' sometimes I've hed it in mind that I'd ought t' talk with ye 'bout 'em more."

"I *have* wanted to talk with you, father," responded the girl, softly; "only I didn't want to distress you too much. Wouldn't you like Charlie back?"

"Mart," said her father, after a moment's grave pause, "O' course y' know what was in my mind when I left th' church?"

Mart nodded.

"It's been a matter o' thankfulness with me," he went on, "thet what I felt I hed t' do then didn't affect any other body's b'liefs. I didn't want it should. I wouldn't 've disturbed your views, or y'r mother's or Emmie's f'r worlds. What I did, I hed t' do; but thet only concerned me."

"I understand," she breathed, lovingly.

"I did thet because I'd lost faith; an' I lost it, fust of all, in—in y'r brother—in Charlie. I can't go into thet. Y' didn't know much about it at th' time, an' mebbe it's better y' shouldn't now. I wouldn't hev y' lose faith in him, no more'n in other things, jest b'cause I hed to."

"But, father, is it truly lost?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bradbury, solemnly. "It 'ud make th' world diff'rent t' me ef 't wa'n't. Night after night I go over it. There ain't twenty-four hours passes—there ain't an hour, mebbe, 'cept when I'm asleep—thet I don't find myself goin' over 'n over thet matter 'bout Charlie, an' tryin' t' make out ef I've been mistaken."

"And doesn't it ever seem so?" she questioned, breathlessly.

"Never once. I can't see it any diff'rent, no matter how I try. It can't be any diff'rent. I can't pictur' any one actin' as he did 'thout their bein' guilty o' doin' wrong." The farmer disengaged his arm, and, rising, began to pace the floor, leaving her poised on the arm of his chair. "Mebbe I'm strange 'bout thet," he went on; "mebbe I'd ought t' see it some other way, an' thet most folks would. Y'r mother sees it diff'rent. I ain't gainsayin' it. Lord knows, I only wish I *could* see it diff'rent. 'Tain't f'r want o' thinkin' an' wishin'."

\* Deacon Bradbury. By Edwin Asa Dix. Copyright, 1900, by the Century Co. Price, \$1.50.

He paced the room a minute in silence.

"But I can't," he cried out miserably. "No honest boy o' mine c'd hear sech a charge as thet an' not—" He paused, stopping in front of Mart. "I—I oughtn't t' say sech things t' ye," he said, controlling himself.

At two o'clock that afternoon the water committee, as summoned by Mr. Bradbury, met at Mr. Clark's office.

"We've come together this afternoon," began Mr. Clark, who was unofficial chairman of the committee, "because Mr. Bradbury informed us that Mr. Lee, of the firm of Lee and Lawrence, was in town in person, and was ready to present their analyst's report on the water question. By the way, Mr. Reed, I must make you acquainted with Mr. Lee."

The lawyer read the report. It gave a technical analysis, in full, of the new artesian water, and showed that the proportion of certain detrimental mineral constituents rendered it unavailable for drinking purposes.

There was a pause as Mr. Clark finished reading.

"Oh, come now," said Mr. Kemble, who, as a member of the firm, was much disappointed, "thet's pretty hard, ain't it? After all th' expense we've been put to!"

"Well, that was fully understood to be the firm's own affair, you know," Mr. Pickering said. "You took that risk."

Mr. Reed was on his feet. His face was frowning, and he was evidently in no pleasant mood.

"The analysis is preposterous," he said, with ire.

Mr. Lee, astounded at the attack, turned to him with equal ire.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"I say it's preposterous. The water's as clear and pure as crystal. Chemists are daft, nowadays, about finding

things that don't exist—in food and water, and I don't know what all."

The firm had suffered severely once or twice from the adulteration laws.

"See here, my friend," said Mr. Lee, with sharp indignation, "you can't bring a charge such as you've just made against my firm without substantiating it. If you're wise, you'll withdraw it immediately."

"I don't see," observed old Mr. Hayes, mildly, "how Mr. Reed c'n know about it exac'ly."

The latter turned on him.

"I used to be a druggist myself over in Hingham," he said, "as I guess you know. And I've investigated this water a little myself. I was perfectly satisfied with it."

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Lee, ironically, "then you can choose between two reports."

"I only say," added Mr. Reed, more mildly, resuming his seat, "that your expert's been too anxious to discover something—that's all."

Mr. Lee sniffed in scornful amusement.

"Bradbury's one of our cleverest analysts," he said. "One of our most accurate, too. He—"

"Who?" demanded a voice at his side.

"Bradbury," returned Mr. Lee, answering his host, who had spoken. "Same name as yours, by the way. Young, but has shown extraordinary talent in our business."

The farmer heard only the repeated name.

"Bradbury, y' say?" he echoed, strangely startled.

"Yes. Why?"

"What's his fust name?"

"I really don't know. Oh, yes, I do. It's Charles."

"Charles Bradbury," uttered Mr. Pickering, astonished.

Mr. Lee looked around, naturally astonished in turn.

"Why, what's this?" he said. "Do any of you know him?"

"How long's he been with ye?" asked Mr. Bradbury, his words hurrying rapidly.

"Two years or so, I should say."

"It's my boy!" cried the farmer, strongly agitated.

"Your boy? What, your son?" Mr. Lee was incredulous. "How could it be possible?"

The other men had listened in surprised and intent silence.

"Most extraordinary!" ejaculated Mr. Kent.

"Oh, but 'tain't likely, th' least bit, Mr. Bradbury," sharply declared Mr. Hayes.

The ex-deacon essayed to speak, but could not, for the moment.

Mr. Clark wisely spoke for him.

"Mr. Bradbury has a son, Mr. Lee," he explained, "who was for some time in the drug and chemist business, and who left Felton about two years ago. Of course it's possible it may be the same."

The visitor's surprise increased, and he gave as good a description as he could of his assistant's appearance and manner.

"He came to us without an introduction," he added, "but we were rather struck with him at first sight, and took him on for some minor work on trial. We soon discovered the stuff he was made of."

Mr. Reed got up again, contemptuously.

"Of course you'll all admit," he said, "that if this happens to be true, we must have a new analysis."

"Why so?" asked several, Mr. Lee most peremptorily of all.

"There should be a new one, any way, to my thinking," returned the storekeeper. "But if it turns out to be young Bradbury that made this, why—"

Mr. Bradbury had instantly recov-

ered his power of speech. He turned sharply on Mr. Reed.

"Well, what?" he inquired, threateningly. "Go on."

"I wouldn't give a York shilling for it," finished Mr. Reed, coolly.

Mr. Lee began to speak, but Mr. Pickering was before him.

"See here, Mr. Reed," he remonstrated, brusquely, "you're going too far altogether. Mr. Lee, did your assistant know where this water came from?"

"Certainly not," returned Mr. Lee, promptly. "The firm always keeps all such facts to itself."

"Then," said Mr. Pickering, turning sharply to Mr. Reed, "there isn't the slightest reason—"

"I'll do th' talkin' here," interrupted Mr. Bradbury, whose breath was coming and going dangerously. "Y' 'll hev t' explain what y've jest said, Mr. Reed."

He, too, had risen, and now confronted Mr. Reed. Mr. Lee found his quarrel taken from him.

The storekeeper surveyed Mr. Bradbury.

"You yourself once admitted," he said, "that I couldn't trust chemical work with a boy that drinks. I don't see why any one should trust him any better because he happens to steal, too."

There was a cry of quick protest from the men around. Mr. Bradbury's face blazed into fury.

"Steals!" he shouted. "Who says he steals?"

"You as good as said so, I supposed, at the time you left the church."

The ex-deacon gasped like one who receives a sudden douche of cold water. His face became white as quickly as it had become red.

Mr. Kent judiciously stepped in between the two. But Mr. Bradbury's rushing thoughts were not of physical attack.

"My boy? Steal, y' say?" he raged. The words from another's lips seemed to daze him. He caught his breath.

"He never did. He couldn't," he affirmed, simply.

The blood was coming back again to Mr. Bradbury's strongly drawn countenance.

"Charlie never stole a penny in his life," he said, passionately. "He couldn't do sech a thing. It's ag'inst his natur'."

His eyes met Mr. Pickering's, and the pregnant scene at which the latter was present two years before rose clearly before him. It had risen before him countless times, but never in this new, clear light.

"I don't keer what's been said or thought, now or ever," he averred, with the triumph of a new and great certainty. "I don't keer ef all th' world sh'd say he did. I don't keer ef he sh'd 've said so himself."

He stopped again, with a kind of choking.

"'Twouldn't make it a mite more supposable. *Nothin'* c'd make it supposable."

None of the others had spoken. They realized instinctively that something far out of the ordinary, something potentially tragic, was passing before their eyes. This strong, deep-natured man had suddenly come to know his own.

Mr. Bradbury's gaze came back to Mr. Reed, who was standing still,—composed, but with pursed lips. The farmer's anger again leaped into heat.

"I tell y' what—" he began, and then stopped. The turmoil of emotions was too great. He turned around, put out his hand gropingly for his hat, which lay on the table near by, and bolting toward the door, opened it and was gone.

### THE RIVAL UNDERTAKERS.\*

Job Graves, with the slightest possible sigh of relief, put on his rusty hat, adjusted the striped cotton neckerchief around his old-fashioned high stock, climbed stiffly into his old chaise at the curbstone, and took up his position at the rear of the procession.

That was Job's custom, to ride alone, at the end of the line. He had maintained this custom through the funerals of forty years, having inherited it, with other customs, from his father, undertaker before him. Whereas Daver, with his other "progressive" ideas, had introduced the custom of leading the line; which he did, very grandly, in a luxurious coupé, with gold lettering.

It was the ages-long struggle between the New and the Old, this rivalry across the street. Elsewhere it is "hand-work versus steam," or "Puritan against Cavalier," or "stratified rock at war with the leaf of a book;" here it was "caskets against coffins," with all that these implied. Always, however, the iron rule is—with occasional exceptions—New conquers, modified by Old. So it was here; and Job saw the evil day afar off—as many a conservative sees it—but held, with might, and largely with conscience, to the old methods, to the accustomed ways.

The two undertakers differed widely in their conduct of funeral services. Job did as his father had done; not because that way was best, but because it was his father's way. This

\* The Parsonage Porch. By Bradley Gilman. Copyright, 1900, by Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.

rule of conduct became more absolute with him each year. Now that his wife and sons were gone, he had no future; he had "the imagination of regret, having lost the imagination of hope." The star of success, before him, beckoned no longer; the star of experience, from behind, illumined his sad path. Job had given up the idealism of purpose for his sons; he lived by the ideal of example, from his father. Often he brooded anxiously about that absent lad, but his anxiety was not suspected by others; an undertaker is not supposed to have griefs of his own.

Yes, it is a part of the Public's axiomatic knowledge that undertakers have no feelings; machines merely; necessary evils. Job felt his alienation deeply; felt it the more since wife and children had gone away. The old-fashioned, sad-faced, silent man, in his rusty coat and high stock, went in and out among the homes of sorrow; he heard sighs and moans, saw bitter tears trickling, dropping; but always for others, never a breath of sympathy for him. He moved, a white shadow, in darkened rooms, yet a shadow with a heart. Oh, his heart was hungry, often, for pity, for affection. He even envied, sometimes, the silent form in the coffin; it, at least, had love rained upon it. Voices, which spoke to him in stern command, sobbed there; faces, which turned to him in critical inquiry, grew distorted with anguish as they bent over that other face, scarcely whiter than his own.

Thus Job lived, and hungered, and was "in the world, but not of the world." His impassive, worn, old face told little of the need of his desolate heart. He accepted his destiny, which was—"not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

One early morning a drunken, dishevelled tramp found rear entrance to the "Coffin-Warerooms," and lay, in

a stupor, under a bench. The assistant pushed a bag of plush trimmings under his head. Job entered hastily, preparing to journey to a distant city to bring back a "body" for burial. He glanced at the heavy, besotted face, partly hidden by an unkempt beard, and then said:

"Let him sleep it off here! Afterward give him food, and my old coat on that nail, there!" Then he hurried stiffly down the street to catch his train.

The tramp did not "sleep it off." He had "slept off" too many such states before. He was a shattered wreck. There are two exits from stupor. One is back into this visible world, the other is forward into the Unseen. The latter was the shortest exit for the stertorous tramp, and tramps prefer short routes. So he took it.

"Poor devil!" said Job's assistant, and summoned the doctor and coroner; they tried pulse, opened eyelid, felt heart, voted the beast dead. Chuckled over his wisdom in selecting his lodging-house. Affirmed that he had chosen his own undertaker; "the wishes of the dead should be respected;" then a loud laugh, and they departed. So "Daver, City Undertaker," lost this case.

Here was the ambitious assistant's opportunity. An assistant may not be trusted by a careful master to prepare "regular cases," but a tramp—it was a rare opportunity; the assistant washed, shaved, clothed—in short, "laid out" the body.

When Job returned that evening, the assistant met him at the door, told him the unexpected, and, with pride, led the way into the back-shop, to a painted pine coffin beside the bench. And Job Graves, undertaker, looked, then stared, then gasped, and then recognized—the dead face of his wayward son. Death had done its purifying work, as assistant or even master could never have done it; the coarse tramp-face had

dissolved, vanished; the fine features of innocent, hopeful, eager youth lay there revealed. And as patient, wounded old Job felt this awful blow upon his tired heart, he looked about him appealingly; looked for some one to lean upon. There was nobody but the assistant and his hastily-offered arm. Not what the anguished man sought, but he accepted it; then sank, drooping, upon a box; and cold drops beaded his brow.

There he sat in silence, and the tall old-fashioned clock in the corner counted out the seconds, as a physician counts out the drops from a vial, at a bedside. Job heard them, and they seemed like years—his own weary years coming back to him out of the past. He realized now that he had been desperately holding a hope and a purpose in his heart; realized now, by its absence, that it had been there unnamed, unrecognized. He put his hand unconsciously to his side; something seemed to be going; the assistant saw that his lips were parted wide, and that he breathed in gasps; but Job uttered no word, told nothing of the desolation that had come to him. Who was there to tell? Who cared about an undertaker's grief? That face! Oh, that poor, white face of his boy!

The next day Job did not appear at the office; he was ill, in bed.

A week later a physician stood by Job's bedside and told him that he had no ailment, and would be "out" in a few days. For answer, Job looked calmly at him, and said:

"On your way to your office, call at my attorney's! Send him here! I wish to make my will!"

"But my good man, there is really not the slightest—"

Job raised his white hand deprecatingly, closed his eyes, hesitated, then said, with an effort:

"Please also send Daver to me! You know Daver? Does good work; has

some new-fangled notions, but does good work."

Then Job turned his face to the wall. He knew his own condition. He was dying. We all begin to die at our birth; that is normal dying. Nature does it skilfully, inexorably, gently. Job Graves had been dying with abnormal rapidity for twenty years; dying of hunger and solitary imprisonment for life; hunger for affection; solitary imprisonment within the gloomy walls of his strange vocation. Was this, also, Nature's doing? If not, whose?

Daver, mystified but smiling, prompt but constrained, came the next day. Job's lips moved a salutation, but no sound came. Daver waited. He was ill at ease. He was in an unaccustomed position. He often was called to dark rooms and sheeted beds, but with the conditions different. This summons was premature; Daver was restless; cleared his throat loudly, fingered his hat. "To be called here! To this house of all houses! To this man of all men!" Daver's ruling principle was to please; always to gloss the painful stubborn fact; but ruling principles may be suspended; hearts, like states, may experience rebellion; souls, like nations, may suffer revolution; the governing power may be unseated.

So it was with Daver. His round, red face grew anxious. A man's pity, tenderness, looked out through a "Funeral Director's" eyes, as they rested on that sick, wan face.

The old undertaker's eyes opened slowly. His gaze wandered restlessly about the bare room, then paused upon a crude crayon portrait of an old man, near the foot of the bed. The face resembled his own. Job's gaze clung to it tenderly, trustfully. Then his gaze wandered, rested on the man beside the bed; he started as if with surprise, but recollected. "Daver, I have sent for you—you know why." He spoke



feebly; the other nodded, looked constrainedly into his filmy eyes.

"I wish I could take—this—old body—with me, or see to its burying myself; but I can't. We all have to ask help at last, Daver."

The plain, direct appeal of the old man moved Daver strangely. He wondered at himself as he sat there.

"We must depend on—on somebody else, Daver, when—when we are finally the 'case' ourselves; and assistants are not to be trusted—not to be trusted." He raised his eyes with inquiry toward the crayon portrait; then added, "Father never slighted his work." And a faint smile of content flickered over the dying man's face, saying what the humble man's lips would not utter, that he, too, had never slighted his work.

"Daver, neighbor," he murmured, putting out his thin hand, seeking in his last hours after that which he had vainly sought, for many lonely years—a grasp of understanding and sympathy—"Daver, you—do—good—work; but you—know—what—I would wish done. *My way this time, Daver? That—is—all.*"

And the "Funeral Director's" strong, red hand closed over the "Under-

taker's" wasted white one, and the grasp was a pledge. A long silence. Then Daver departed, and Job rested peacefully.

Exactly when his last breath came, nobody in the house could say; but it was about dawn, the next morning, the weary spirit slipped away. Job Graves left earth—an undertaker; he entered heaven—a man.

A few days later a funeral procession passed along the street between the two offices. It was "A funeral of Daver's," but it was "Job Graves's funeral." Throughout all the arrangements the Old and New in funeral art were strangely blended; and a discerning Public felt injured, as it felt baffled in its attempt at explanation. The door-knob of the "Coffin Warerooms" was hung with a knot of black crape, yet the hearse was from the "establishment of Daver & Co., City Undertakers," whose assistant acted as driver; the assistant from the "Coffin Warerooms" rode in the mourners' carriage; and—strange to tell—inexplicable to the wise, all-knowing Public, quite contrary to his custom, Daver, in his luxurious coupé, followed the few carriages, the last in the line.

## AS THE TWIG IS BENT.\*

We are far too quick in assuming that love of the beautiful is confined to the highly educated; that the poor have no desire to surround themselves with graceful forms and harmonious colors. We wonder at and deplore their crude standards, bewailing the general lack of taste and the gradual reducing of

everything to a commonplace memory basis. We smile at the efforts toward adornment attempted by the poor, taking it too readily for granted that on this point they are beyond redemption. This error is the less excusable as so little has been done by way of experiment before forming an opinion—whole classes being put down as inferior beings, incapable of appreciation, before they have been allowed even a

\*The Ways of Men. By Elliot Gregory. Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

glimpse of the works of art that form the daily mental food of their judges.

The portly charlady, who rules despotically in my chambers, is an example. It has been a curious study to watch her growing interest in the objects that have here, for the first time, come under her notice; the delight she has come to take in dusting and arranging my belongings, and her enthusiasm at any new acquisition. Knowing how bare her own home was, I felt at first only astonishment at her vivid interest in what seemed beyond her comprehension, but now realize that, in some blind way, she appreciates the rare and the delicate quite as much as my more cultivated visitors. At the end of one laborious morning, when everything was arranged to her satisfaction, she turned to me her poor, plain face, lighted up with an expression of delight, and exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, I do love to work in these rooms! I'm never so happy as when I'm arranging them elegant things!"

And, although my pleasure in her pleasure was modified by the discovery that she had taken an eighteenth-century comb to disentangle the fringes of a rug, and broken several of its teeth in her ardor, that she invariably placed a certain Whistler etching upside down, and then stood in rapt admiration before it, still, in watching her enthusiasm, I felt a thrill of satisfaction at seeing how her untaught taste responded to a contact with good things.

Here in America, and especially in our city, which we have been at such pains to make as hideous as possible, the schoolrooms, where hundreds of thousands of children pass many hours daily, are one degree more graceless than the town itself; the most artistically inclined child can hardly receive any but unfortunate impressions. The other day a friend took me severely to task for rating our American women on their love of the big shops, and

gave me, I confess, an entirely new idea on the subject.

"Can't you see," she said, "that the shops here are what the museums abroad are to the poor? It is in them only that certain people may catch glimpses of the dainty and exquisite manufactures of other countries. The little education their eyes receive is obtained during visits to these emporiums."

If this is so, and it seems probable, it only proves how the humble long for something more graceful than their meagre homes afford.

In the hope of training the younger generation to better standards and less vulgar ideals, a group of ladies are making an attempt to surround our school children during their impressionable youth with reproductions of historic masterpieces, and have already decorated many schoolrooms in this way. For a modest sum it is possible to tint the bare walls an attractive color—a delight in itself—and adorn them with plaster casts of statues and solar prints of pictures and buildings. The transformation that fifty or sixty dollars judiciously expended in this way produces in a schoolroom is beyond belief, and, as the advertisements say, must be seen to be appreciated, giving an air of cheerfulness and refinement to the dreariest apartment.

It is hard to make people understand the enthusiasm these decorations have excited in both teachers and pupils. The directress of one of our large schools was telling me of the help and pleasure the prints and casts had been to her; she had given them as subjects for the class compositions, and used them in a hundred different ways as object-lessons. As the children are graduated from room to room, a great variety of high-class subjects can be brought to their notice by varying the decorations.

It is by the eye principally that taste



is educated. We speak with admiration of the "eighth sense" common among Parisians, and envy them their magic power of combining simple materials into an artistic whole. The reason is, that for generations the eyes of those people have been unconsciously educated by the harmonious lines of well-proportioned buildings, finely finished detail of stately colonnade, and shady perspective of quay and boulevard. After years of this subtle training the eye instinctively revolts from the vulgar and the crude. There is little in the poorer quarters of our city to rejoice or refine the senses; squalor and all-pervading ugliness are not least among the curses that poverty entails.

When we reflect how painfully ill-arranged rooms or ugly colors affect our senses, and remember that less fortunate neighbors suffer as much as we do from hideous environments, it seems like keeping sunlight from a plant, or fresh air out of a sick-room, to refuse glimpses of the beautiful to the poor when it is in our power to give them this satisfaction with a slight effort. Nothing can be more encouraging to those who occasionally despair of human nature than the good results already obtained by this small attempt in the schools.

We fall into the error of imagining

that because the Apollo Belvedere and the Square of St. Mark's have become stale to us by reproduction, they are necessarily so to others. The great and the wealthy of the world form no idea of the longing the poor feel for a little variety in their lives. They do not know what they want. They have no standards to guide them, but the desire is there. Let us offer ourselves the satisfaction, as we start off for pleasure trips abroad, or to the mountains, of knowing that at home the routine of study is lightened for thousands of children by the counterfeit presentment of the scenes we are enjoying; that, as we float up the Golden Horn, or sit in the moonlight by the Parthenon, far away at home some child is dreaming of those fair scenes as she raises her eyes from her task, and is unconsciously imbibing a love for the beautiful, which will add a charm to her humble life, and make the present labors lighter. If the child never lives to see the originals she will be happier for knowing that somewhere in the world domed mosques mirror themselves in still waters, and marble gods, the handiwork of long-dead nations, stand in the golden sunlight and silently preach the gospel of the beautiful.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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A new quarterly, *The Book of Book-Plates*, has been established in England for the special delight of collectors.

It is announced that *The Spear* will shortly cease to exist as a separate publication. *The Sphere* will go on. This removes a prolific source of confusion;

and it is, besides, an instance of the survival of the fittest.

An English judge, Mr. Justice Darling, has recently pronounced the law of "*The Merchant of Venice*" distinctly bad. He thinks it singular that the point was never taken that Shylock's contract was void; as it could not have

been according to public policy to allow pounds of flesh to be cut off living persons.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is dramatizing his story "Red Rock," which, published as a novel, has nearly reached a sale of 100,000 copies.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce as now ready Volume One of the series of memoirs in which various writers, under the general editorship of Dr. Nansen, present the scientific results of the Norwegian North Polar Expedition of 1893-6.

Charles K. Field, a nephew of Eugene Field, is part author of a volume of college stories, which Doubleday, Page & Co. are about to publish, the distinguishing feature of which is that they relate to western college life—at Stanford University.

The new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," with which the Haworth Edition of the writings of the Brontë sisters is concluded, includes nearly one hundred hitherto unpublished letters, and eleven new illustrations, besides portraits.

Mr. Hamerton's "Paris in Old and Recent Times," which Little, Brown & Co. publish in a new edition, with illustrations, has by no means been superseded by later volumes of the guide-book order; and it will find a place in the luggage of many visitors to Paris this summer.

A book made up of a series of addresses to young men, and speaking in no uncertain tone upon the qualities that go to the building of a strong character, is "Twentieth-Century Knighthood," by the Rev. Louis Albert Banks. The illustrations used are apt, the ground taken is a high one, and the

book is none the less useful for being small and compact. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Four pages are devoted to the writings of the late Duke of Argyll in the catalogue of the British Museum; yet The Athenæum dismisses him somewhat curtly with the remark that outside of science he hardly made any contributions to literature which are likely to be of permanent value. The Athenæum finds him lacking the gift of expression in poetry, and perfunctory in his economic and historic work.

Mr. Edward Smith is about to publish in London a work entitled "England and America after Independence," concerning which it is said that the author began it with a mind wholly free from bias, but that his researches convinced him that "the conduct of the successive Governments of Great Britain has been uniformly equitable, candid and conciliatory." This should make the work pleasant reading—in London.

In a letter written to a friend, shortly before his death, Dr. Mivart said of his last work, "The Groundwork of Science:" "It has undergone no ecclesiastical supervision, my convictions, when I wrote it, being almost fully what they now are. I have no more leaning to atheism or agnosticism now than I ever had; but the inscrutable, incomprehensible energy pervading the universe, and (as it seems to me) disclosed by science, differs profoundly, as I read nature, from the God worshipped by Christians."

The Athenæum's characterization of M. Bourget is interesting:

M. Bourget is always agreeable to read, but he is never arresting. He writes adequately, but without any luxury of delight. He does not charm

us out of ourselves; he interests, instructs us; and he has his own place as a critic, a distinguished place among the too literary or too little literary critics of our time, because he never forgets that a book is not merely so many printed pages inside a cover, but a finer part of human speech, and with its appeal to what is most human in humanity as well as to that lower intelligence which browses contentedly upon the printed page.

In Grant Duff's lately-published "Diary" are several references to Matthew Arnold. Among them is this, regarding Arnold's notebooks:—

They are small diaries, long and narrow. Sunday comes at the top of each page, and in the spaces devoted to that day, as at the beginning and end of the volumes, Mat. Arnold was in the habit of copying short passages which struck him in the authors he happened to be reading.

Some of these entries are of peculiar interest. In the blank space belonging to Sunday, April 15, he had entered these words from Ecclesiasticus:

"Weep bitterly over the dead as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself, drive heaviness away; thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself."

On the opposite page stood, of course, Sunday, April 22. Under it he had entered:

"When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him when his spirit is departed from him."

It was on the first of these days that Arnold died.

A valuable addition to the Cambridge Edition of the poets has been made in a volume edited by Horace E. Scudder, "The Complete Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott." It is unusually complete and well-arranged, the poems being given in chronological order, with introductory passages of exceeding interest, which are either of Mr. Scudder's own writing or selection, and cast new light upon many of the verses.

A brief biography, covering the period of Scott's greatest poetical activity, is decidedly sympathetic. The real lover of Scott will take particular comfort not only in the grouping together of the short poems from the novels in their order, but also in the full collection of those beguiling mottoes from that once mysterious but now well-understood source, the "Old Play," these last being part of a fascinating appendix, which also contains an abundance of notes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The name of Florence Converse will remind many readers that they found in "Diana Victrix" last year a first novel of unusual quality and promise, and they will take up "The Burden of Christopher" with anticipations which will not be disappointed. This second story is marked by the same brilliancy of style and delicacy of fancy that made the earlier one so attractive, while it shows a gain in force, purpose and emotional power. Its problem is the familiar one of the relations between capital and labor, employer and employed, but the treatment is distinctly fresh. No new light is thrown on the economic perplexities involved, but their effect on the characters brought face to face with them is described with an intensity which grows almost painful as the slender plot nears its close. It is no disparagement of Miss Converse's talent, but the contrary, to say that her book does not quite realize the ideal one feels she had for it. Her character delineation sometimes results in types, not individuals, and the multitude of her epigrams and allusions detracts from the concentrated impression she should make. But the first of these faults she shares with many novelists of unquestioned standing, and the second is easily corrected. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Arden Massitur. By Dr. William Barry. The Century Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Artists, Great. Vol. I. Raphael, Rubens, Murillo, Durer. By Jennie Ellis Keysor. Educational Publishing Co.
- Artists, Great. Vol. II. Van Dyck, Reynolds, Rembrandt, Bonheur. By Jennie Ellis Keysor. Educational Publishing Co.
- Arts of Life, The. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Bible, Mental Index of the. By Rev. S. C. Thompson. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Burden of Christopher, The. By Florence Converse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Cricket in Many Climes. By P. F. Warner. Wm. Heinemann.
- Currita, Countess of Albornoz. By Luis Coloma. Translated by Estelle Huyck Attwell. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. By W. H. Mallock. A. & C. Black.
- Edinburgh, Romantic. By John Geddie. Sands & Co.
- Empress Octavia. A Romance of the Reign of Nero. By Wilhelm Walloth. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Evolution and Theology. By Otto Pfeiderer, D.D.. A. & C. Black.
- For the Queen in South Africa. By Caryl Davis Haskins. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- France Since 1814. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Chapman & Hall.
- Garden of Eden, The. By Blanche Willis Howard. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Hotel de Rambouillet. By Leon H. Vincent. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Immortality, The Conception of. By Josiah Royce. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Ladysmith, The Relief of. By John Black Atkins. Methuen & Co.
- Life of Lives, The. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. Cassell & Co.
- Love in a Cloud. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Man and His Divine Father. By John C. C. Clark, D.D. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Mental Culture, An Essay on. By George Ainslie Hight. J. M. Dent.
- Mississippi Valley in the Civil War, The. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00.
- New Testament, Epistles of the. In Current and Popular English. By Henry Hayman, D.D. A. & C. Black.
- Paris, A Woman's. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Parsonage Porch, The. By Bradley Gilman. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau. By the late Isabel, Lady Burton. Hutchinson & Co.
- Phillip Winwood. By Robert Neilson Stephens. L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Quest of Mr. East, The. By John Soane. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Red Blood and Blue. By Harrison Robertson. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Robert Tournay. By William Sage. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Scott, Sir Walter, The Complete Poetical Works of. Cambridge Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00.
- Shakespeare the Man. By Goldwin Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Slave, The. By Robert Hichens. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
- Tales for Christmas and Other Seasons. By François Coppée. Translated by Myrta L. Jones. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Ways of Men, The. By Elliot Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

